UNCLE REMUS AT HOME

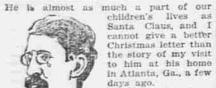
CHAT WITH JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS ABOUT HIMSELF.

FRANK CARPENTER VISITS HIM.

HOW THE FAMOUS STORY TELLER LOOKS, ACTS AND TALKS.

His Beautiful Home and His Garden of Roses-How the "Uncle Remus" and "Brer Rabbit" Stories Were Written -His New Books.

(Copyrighted, 1896, by Frank G. Carpenter.) Washington, Dec. 19.-"Uncle Remus" is one of the saints of "The Holiday Season."



cannot give a better Christmas letter than the story of my visit to him at his home in Atlanta, Ga., a few Joel Chandler Har-

ris, for that you know is the real name of the writer of the "Uncle Remus" stories, is even more de-

P. G. CARPENTER lightful than his books. He is not a handsome man, but his manners are so gentle and his talk so simple and wholesome, that you fall in love with him at once. His hair is of a flery red. After you know him it seems to turn to gold. His homely features, which I venture would stop the traditional clock, become transfigured by his healthy, happy soul shining out through them when he talks, and makes him almost beautiful, I wish you could hear "Uncle Remus" laugh. He is, you know, short and rather fat, and when anything amuses him his rotund form shakes like a bowl of jelly, and his "Ha! ha!" rings forth in as clear tones as those of the boy to whom the "Brer Rabbit" and "Tar Baby" story was told for the first time. He is, however, painfully modest. He is always depreciating himself, and during my chat he told me he could not realize why people thought so much of his stories. He is especially backward in the presence of women. He is more bashful now at 45 than he was as a boy, and I doubt whether he knows any woman very intimately exhaust a suppose, as cept his wife. He is, you know, a news-paper man as well as an author. He is cornected with the Atlanta Constitution. and for years he did his editorial work at the office of the paper. Now he does it all at home. Since he became famous the female curiosity seekers from the North, in passing through Atlanta, have attempted

Where "Uncle Remus" Lives. The house of "Uncle Remus" is an ideal one. It is a rambling Queen Ann cottage, containing about nine rooms, all of which are on one floor. Below this there ts a basement and above it is an attic, and about it runs a vine-covered porch big enough to hold "Brer Rabbit" and all his friends, should they happen to call. It is in one of the prettiest suburbs of At-lanta, and still it has a big enough yard to make it a sort of a country estate, as well as a city home. It contains more than five acres of land and its surroundings are those of a farm. We walked newspapers. He thought for a moment, back through the fields before we entered the house to look at the donkeys which the young Harris children ride, and to pat the two beautiful yellow Jersey cows, which are among Mrs. Harris' pets. There is some sort of a sentiment—a piece of my a big chicken yard just back of the mind for the children.
house, and a lot of brother and sister "Well, I remember the chickens were running to and fro as we looked through the netting. "Uncle Remus" took an almost childish delight in showing me his possessions. He pointed out his big strawberry bed, where he raises the most lucious fruit, and told me how his asparagus was ready for the table at the first of the senson. We walked among his flowers and spent some time in admiring his roses, which, though it is now almost winter, are still blooming. He has, I venture, more than 100 rose bushes, and he told he that he had in his garden sixty seven different varieties. He said he would have a thousand if he were rich ers I could see that he loved them.

We sat a moment on the porch and then entered the wide hall, which runs through

his work and in his home.

the house and into which the living rooms At the back is the parlor, and at the left the sitting room and workshop. There is nothing of the machinery of a newspaper editor or a literary man to be Thele Remus" uses but few books in his work. A pencil and a few strips of blank printing paper are all that are needed to make the "Uncle Remus" stories. Mr. Harris handles these, and with his short stub pencil touches the hearts and tickles the sides of millions. He does his writing with his family about him, and his best stories have been written with a

How "Uncle Remus" Was Written.

Mr. Harris is fond of children. He has been told thousands of times how fond the children are of him, but when I told him that my boy Jack knew his "Uncle Remus" stories by heart, and that my little girl was in love with "Brer Rabbit" and "Brer Fex" he seemed pleased, and I said: "It must be a great pleasure to write for chil-

Indeed, it is." replied Mr. Harris. "I enjoyed the writing of the 'Uncle Remus' stories. It was not hard work, and I believe I got as much fun out of their conon as the children seemed to get from hearing them read. I could see how the children liked them, but it has always been a wonder to me that grown-up peo read them with interest. In fact, to-day I rather question the veracity or the sanity man who tells me he is fond of

"lirer Rubbit's" First Appearance. "When did you tell your first 'Uncle Remus' story, Mr. Harris?" I asked.

"It was in 1878," was the reply; "just about eighteen years ago. I was writing for the Atlanta Constitution. I had begun my newspaper work, you know, as a boy or 12, when I left home to learn to set type for a rich planter, who was publishing a little paper of his own near our country town in Georgia. I had risen from the typesetting case to the editorial desk, and had had some experience in connection with the newspapers of Savana and other places, and now I was employed upon the Constitution writing editorials, little stories and such other matter as seemed interesting to me. I wrote the first 'Uncle Remus' sketch for the Sunday paper, and handed it to the printers, not deeming it of especial value. It was published and was copied into other papers. My friends spoke to me about it, and I was urged to write more. Among the papers which copied the article was the New York Evening Post. This surprised me, as the Post, you know, is a very sedate paper, and it seems to keep as far as possi-ble from the frivolous. Well, I wrote more of the sketches. They were also quoted, and within a short time 'Uncle Remus' and his tales became a regular feature of

His First Book.

When were the 'Uncle Remus' stories first published in book form?"
"It was in 1880. The Appletons then pub lished the book entitled 'Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings,' The book was well Review of London gave it a page. This started it well in America. The Boston papers followed with good reviews, and I ris one of the best books in literature.

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where fairly spoken of."

"You must have been delighted," said I.
"I was," replied "Uncle Remus." "And I was a little scared, too. The surprise was so great that I did not know what to make

"It had quite a large circulation," replied Mr. Harris. "I wrote, you know, several more along the same lines, and they all have a steady sale, both in England and the United States."

Origin of "Uncle Remus." "Where did 'Uncle Remus' come from? Mr. Harris?" said I.

"He was born, I think, at my home in Putnam county, Ga.," was the reply. But, Mr. Harris, tell me, did he eve really exist in the flesh, or is he simply the creation of your fancy?'

'Both," replied Mr. Harris. "The 'Uncle Remus' of my stories is a composite of three or four old negroes, whom I knew as a boy. I have combined them and perhaps have added something to them. But the Uncle Remus' of fiction is chiefly made up from them."

"I suppose he really exists as an indi-viduality in your mind," said I. "Yes, indeed," replied Mr. Harris. "I can see him before my eyes as plainly as I see you. I know him. I can near him talk, and his voice rings in my ears as I write."

They Are Genuine Negro Tales. "But, Mr. Harris, are the stories those which are really told on the plantation by the darkies, or are they made up of whole

plantations," replied Mr. Harris. "They are the folk-lore of the negro. I suppose many of them have come down, through the ages from Africa. I am told that some of them are almost the same as the stories of the folk-lore of India.'

"Why is it, Mr. Harris, that Brer Rabpit' is generally the hero of these tales? Why do the negroes pick him out as the most intelligent and cunning of the animals?

5, the rabbit has a low, rather than a high, degree of animal intelligence. The hero of many of the folk-lore stories of the Orientals is the hyena, which, you know, is the meanest of beasts."

"Uncle Remus" Dend.

"But you have not written any 'Uncle Remus' stories for some years, Mr. Har-

ris." Remus' has finished his story telling. He has posed before the public for more than fifteen years, and it is time now that he stepped down and out. You may say, in short, that 'Uncle Remus' is dead." New Books by Joel Chandler Harris.

"But you do not intend to stop writing,

"No, indeed," was the reply. "I shall write, I suppose, as long as I live. I have a book which is of somewhat the same character as the 'Uncle Remus' stories, entitled 'Aaron,' published this fall; and I am now writing a novel entitled 'Aaron and His Wanderings in the Wild Woods.' This is a story for boys. It relates to an old run-away negro, who gets lost in the woods, and who has many adventures with the to call and visit him. When they entered his room his tongue seemed to cling to the roof of his mouth and at last, to get rid of them, he transferred his work to his home. He never goes into society: seldom attends the theater, and his delight is in the work or have very exciting adverses in Georgie. Then I have in present and its most of the work of t ventures in Georgia. Then I have in press a book of stories, which will be out this next December. This is entitled 'Sister Jane; Her Friends and Acquaintances.' I suppose it will be ready for the Christmas trade. I am also writing a book entitled 'Stories of Georgia History,' which will, I suppose, be to some extent a school book, as it is for the American Book Company. So you see that I have plenty to do, in addition to my editorial work on the Atlanta

Why "Brer Tarrypin" Failed to Fly. Here I asked "Uncle Remus" to write me a little story for the child readers of my newspapers. He thought for a moment, and then taking his pencil he rapidly wrote

some sort of a sentiment-a piece of my

Well, I remember the story where Brer Tarrypin wanted to learn to fly. He had seen Brer Buzzard sailing in the air and He was very angry with Brother Buzzard, not because he failed to fly, but because Brother Buzzard failed to show him how to light. Says he: 'Flyin' is easy as fallin', but I don't 'speck I kin larn how to light.' "If you don't know what this means ask some grown-up person. Before you begin to fly, be sure and learn how to light. (Signed) "JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS."

How "Uncle Remus" Writes. As I looked over the story of Brer Tarry-

pin and Brer Buzzard I asked Mr. Harris it he found writing very hard work. "No," replied 'Uncle Remus.' "I write you see, about two thousand words of editerial every day. This I have been doing so long that it goes very easily. You take a good subject, put your pen on the paand the editorial writes itself. This is my work in the daytime. My story writ-ing is done at night. I usually begin it after ten when the children have gone to bed. I then pick up the story where I have left off and write away until bed

"How much of this do you consider a good evening's work?"
"About one thousand words," replied Mr.
Hairis, "Such writing is easy for me. I like it, and when I am tired from my other work I take it up and soon feel rested. It is rather amusing work, you know, and does not require much care."
"I should think you would have to re-

"No, on the contrary," was the reply.
"I revise very little. I have not the time. and the work is such that it does not require it. It is, I think, work for the day. I don't suppose it will last." "Is not dialect writing an invention of

vise it over and over again."

recent years?" "Yes," replied the great dialect writer of the South, "It seems so. Walter Scott was among the first of our authors who used it largely. Burns wrote many of his poems in dialect, and Tennyson, you know, wrote much dialect verse. Chaucer was written in the language of his time, and it is curious that in some respects the dialect used then was somewhat the same as that of the plantations to-day."

"Uncle Remus' " Book Loves. Mr. Harris has always been fond of the old English classics. The simplicity of his style was largely cultivated through his study of the great English authors dwing his boyhood. As he talked thus of Chaucer and other writers I wondered as to what books had most influenced him, and I asked him to tell me something of his book loves, saying I supposed that he

"I read somewhat," was the reply. "But it is hard for me to say what books have had much effect upon my work. When I began to set type on the plantation I found that my employer had a large library. He kindly allowed me to borrow such books as I wished, and among those which I read first was the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' Its simplicity delighted me, and I read it again and again. I think I could to-day repeat pages of it. I still read it and enjoy it almost as much as when I first saw it. It is so genuine, you know. Another author whom I especially like is Sir Thomas Browne. It is a stronge thing that though this man had a library of perhaps 2,000 volumes, embracing the works of modern writers, as well as the English classics, that I in most cases took to the classics."

The Bible and "Uncle Remus' " Religion. "Then another book that I read a good deal," Mr. Harris went on, "is the Bible. It is one of the best books in literature.

and the Gospels. I am very fond of parts of the Old Testament. They seem to fit SENATOR TABOR'S CAREER. into my nature at certain times, and there are hours when a chapter or so of Ec-clesiastes seems especially appropriate."

"By the way, Mr. Harris, what is your religion, anyhow?" "Uncle Remus" thought a moment and then said rather soberly: "That is a dif-ficult question to answer. I hardly know myself. I can only say I believe in all good men and all good women. I should ot want to live if I had no faith in my fellow men." FRANK G. CARPENTER.

GIANT CHRISTMAS PIES.

Gastronomic Monsters That Have Found a Place in History.

Any philosopher that wants the job may figure it out why human beings bent on celebrating a religious holiday begin and end by overeating and overdrinking. Such is the immemorial custom of Christian peoples. It is said that we eat and drink less than our forefathers did. If so, it is prob-ably because our digestion has fallen off

from the ancient standard of vigor.

The English, who are the greatest feeders on earth, excepting, possibly,the Russians. on earth, excepting, possibly the Russians, preserve some tales of mighty prowess in the gastronomic line. Many of them relate to Christmas dinners. One historian has afforded a list of the "handsome things" which a century or so ago a careful housewife thought it necessary to provide "against Christmas to come." The list includes:

"Brawn pudding and souse, and mustered withal, beef, mutton and pork, shred ples of the best, of pig, veal, goose and capon On th and turkey well drest; cheese, apples, and nuts, jolly carols to hear, and this," concludes the rhymester, "in the country is counted good cheer."

History has record of the champion of Darrall, who treated his workmen to a pudding measuring five feet in circumference and composed of twenty-four pounds of flour, sixteen pounds of raisins and currants, and forty eggs. This was a mere pigmy to the Titantic plum pudding drawn through the streets of Exeter to Paignton Fair, there to be sliced up and distributed to the poor. It contained four hundred pounds of flour, nearly half as much beef suet, a hundred and forty pounds of raisins and currants and two hundred and forty eggs. It was boiled four days in a brewer's copper.

The king of Christmas puddings, however, was that contrived no doubt by way of "bold advertisement" by one Austin, a tooth powder quack, early in the last century. It weighed 900 pounds, took fourteen days to boll, and then, being carried in procession, with banners, streamers and band playing "What lumps of pudding my mother gave me," to St. George's field, there to be served out to all comers, was waylaid by the mob in transit, seized,

waylaid by the mob in transit, seized, smashed and devoured.

A hundred years ago Sir Henry Gray's housekeeper at Howick, Miss Dorothy Patterson, made and sent to London, for her master's Christmas dinner, a ple twelve feet round, 150 pounds in weight and containing a whole barnyard and preserve of geese, turkeys, rabbits, wild ducks, woodcocks since partridges birgons not to ocks, snipe, partridges, pigeons, not to name such outsiders as blackbirds and cur-

UNCLE EBEN'S WARNING.

Danger of Overassumption Finds Homely Illustration.

'rom the Washington Star,
"Lok yuh, sonny," said Uncle Eben;

"'pears ter me lalk yoh wus actin' mighty big-feelin' dese days." Pickaninny Jim looked abashed, but an-"I's gittin' 'long purty good in school, I is, an' I reckons dat ef I uses big language

onct in er while, it's case I knows de mean-"Da's puffickly propuh. Mek de bes' use yoh kin o' yoh opporchunities. But doan git ter s'posin' dat case yoh got 'em dis huil yearf was made for yoh benefit; case ef yoh does, yoh's gwinter git yohse'f laughed

at, same ez de fiea did when de ahk done lan'd on Mount Ararat." "Wus de flea 'long wif de res' ob 'em?"
"To be sho. When de ark wus er buildin' de flea come 'long, an' lookin' 'roun',
says, 'whut's dis foh?' De hippopotamus he 'splained hit ter 'im, an' de flea says, 'I wonduh is my name down on de passenger lis'.' De hippopotamus he says, 'I d'no. I's 'fraid you's so small dey done folgot yoh. But yoh kin climb on my back an' go 'long wif me, case nobody won' notice yer.' So de flea he got on bo'd de ahk, an' mighty thankful, too, not ter he thought he could sail, too. So he persuaded Brother Buzzard to take him on
his back and give him a start. This was
done. Brother Buzzard carried Brother
done. Brother Buzzard carried Brother
in the air and dropped him. He
wings dat got ter de mountain wifout no
halve tuk notice ob 'im an' stahted er conhalve tuk notice ob 'im an' stahted er convuhsation. Dey seen Noah an' his sons busyin' dahse'fs 'round' de gang plank, an' de lady bug, she says, 'Who is dem gem-men?' De flea, he looks ober his shoulder sorter careless an' grand an' he says, 'I ouldn' tell ver. We didn't 'sociate none wif dem. Dey's jes de deck han's dat run de boat. Me an' de hippopotamus hyuh is passenguls we is.' An' eber since dat day de flea ain' had no standin' in no society whutsomevuh."

WHITE HOUSE ETIQUETTE.

The Unwritten Laws Which Govern the President's Social Position.

From the Illustrated American. When the president and his wife drive out the president sits on the right hand seat and his wife on the left.

If there are others in the carriage, whether ladies or gentlemen, they must sit with their backs to the horses. When Mrs. Cleveland was first married she tried the experiment of placing her mother opposite the president and herself in the presiden-tial landau, but the people laughed at it so immoderately and professed to think Mrs. Folsom (as she was then) to be the maid that it was speedily dropped. When the president's wife drives alone she sits in

the right hand corner—the place of honor. The lady of the White House cannot set foot within those splendid houses in Washington whose flagstaffs mark the foreign embassy or legation. She could not go without the president, and as an embassy or legation is technically a part of the country it represents, the president could not go-so that she never sees the inside of a diplomatic house as long as she presides at the executive mansion. The president dines only at cabinet houses, and his wife cannot dine anywhere without him. President Arthur dined with judges of the su-preme court and with senators—but as he had no wife the whole system was very much simplified for him. The president's wife may, if she chooses, go to luncheons where there are no gentlemen, or to teas, both being regarded as strictly informal; but the danger of giving offense by accept-ing one invitation and declining another so great that it is seldom or never

Horses With Wheels.

risked.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "It was in the early days of railroading n the south." remarked the gentleman with the stock of reminiscences the other day. "I was located in Florida about the time when the government had made vas-sals of the Seminole Indians of that state, and in order to impress the redoubtable 'Billy Bowlegs,' the Tecumseh of the Sem-inoles, it had invited the 'heap big chieftain' to make a trip to the seat of the na-tional government. Billy was a bit dubious about accepting the invitation, fearing possibly that the Great Father at Washington might have designs upon his life or happiness, but he was prevailed upon to make the trip, and he embarked on board of the train with a great show of courage. The trains of that period were not the flyers of to-day; in fact, on many of the short lines the engineers were compelled to get out of their cabs and walk to lighten the train and permit it to proceed at an even rate of speed. When Billy Bowlegs returned from his visit he had overcome his trepidation, and looked with scora upon the locomotives. I visited Billy a day or two after his return and asked him how he

"Huh," he said, with an upward twist of

RISE AND FALL OF THE CELEBRAT-ED COLORADO MAN.

How He Acquired the Fortune He Has Just Lost-Career of Laura D. Smith, Who Succeeds to His Properties.

Denver Correspondence New York Herald. "No. 4507, Mrs. Laura D. Smith vs. Peter McCourt and E. E. Edbrook. Petition for

plaintiff is granted. The entering of this order in the records of the district court of Arapahoe county a few days ago was an incident passed unnoticed by the casual frequenter of this hall of justice, but to those who have kept track of the fortunes and misfortunes of the early pioneer it meant the last and most painful act of a drama which wiped out of existence the last dollar of the once magnificent fortune of former Senator H. A. W. Tabor and the first appearance in business circles of a woman whose wealth

was made by a lucky turn of fortune.

The petition of Mrs. Smith was one praying for an order from the court giving her possession of the Tabor block, a seven story brown stone structure covering block of ground on the corner of Sixteenth and Larimer streets, and the Tabor Grand opera house, the handsomest theater in the West, under a foreclosure aggregating

On the day this property passed from his hands Mr. Tabor was allowed to remove from the boxoffice of the playhou large iron safe and a beautiful life size oil painting of Richelieu and Julie, represent-ing them in the scene where the great chancellor of France delies the king's brother, which was presented him by the citizens of Denver on the opening of the house by Emma Abbott, September 5, 1881. These two articles are all that he retained out of the property and cash which fifteen years ago amounted to more than \$6,000,000.

How He Conquered Fortune. When a young man of 25 years Tabor was fighting grasshoppers and starvation on a small claim in Eastern Kansas. Becoming disgusted with that kind of life and learning from returning trappers of the rich gold discoveries made along Cherry creek in 1858, he packed his wife and few belongings into a prairie schooner and in 1861 started for the new El Dorado. For many years he followed with indifferent success the fickle goddess through the ex-citing days of Golden, Central City, Black Hawk, Breckinridge and Buckskin Joe. This discouraging and monotonous exist-ence was followed until 187, when he again found himself stranded in Oro City, a placer camp near the head of California guich. Rumors of the rich carbonate discoveries on Fryer, Iron and Carbonate hills were beginning to be heard, so he sold his last yoke of oxen, and with the proceeds opened a little store on the sitewhere Leadville now stands. This was early in the spring of 1878, and

In a was early in the spring of tabs, and fin April of that year August Riche and George F. Hook, two shoemakers who had been prospecting for a long time with poor results, applied to Tabor for a "grub stake," agreeing to divide share and share alike, in anything they might find. Tabor supplied them with the necessary articles and the cophlers went directly to the top and the cobblers went directly to the top of Fryer hill and began digging. Everyone laughed at them for wasting their time and stake in so unpromising a place. They persisted in their work, having to make frequent requisitions upon the store for sup-plies, which were always granted.

About May 1, after reaching a depth of twenty-six feet, they encountered a vein of rich carbonate ore, and in that hour the famous Little Pittsburg mine became a reality. The first wagonload of ore taken reality. The first wagonload of ore taken out sold for \$215, and the yield during the last half of the following July was at the rate of \$8,000 a week.

Enormous Profits.

When the ore body had been thoroughly developed, its richness was a revelation to everyone. In September Tabor and Riche bought Hook's interest for \$18,000. The mine paid \$100,000 a month in dividends for many months and then Tabor sold his half in-terest to Senator J. B. Chaffee and D. H.

Moffat for \$1,000,008.

He immediately entered into partnership with Marshall Field, of Chicago, and bought up the Chrysolite and adjoining claims. The first five dividends paid out of this property amounted to \$1,000,000, and its production during the eleven months prior to April 1, 1889, at which time he sold his interest for \$1,500,000, was \$3,100,000.

in the meantime he had become interested in the famous Robert E. Lee mine, which has produced more rich ore than any mine on the continent outside of the Comstock of Nevada. The average daily output of the Lee during its best days was \$15,000, or the startling total of \$5,475,000 a year. On the 13th day of January, 1880, this mine gave its owner in the twentyfour hours \$128,000, a sum never equaled by any mine in the world. Much of this ore ran as high as 11,000 ounces in silver to the ton, and as the white metal was then worth in the neighborhood of \$1.25 an ounce, the enormous profits can readily be

Besides these fortunes, which came in rapid succession, Tabor made from \$2,000,-000 to \$3,000,000 out of the Morning Star. Matchless and other Leadville mines, and at one time it was said his daily income was greater than that of any other man between New York city and Nevada. In 1880 the city of Denver was a prosper-ous town of 50,000 inhabitants. Tabor's con-fidence in her future induced him to come

here in that year and begin the erection of La Veta place, a terrace, "out on the prairie," as the town folks declared, which cost him in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000, and at that time was the handsomest resi-dence west of Chicago. This he immediately followed with the Tabor block and the Tabor Grand opera house, at a cost of nearly \$2,000,000.

Fortune came quickly, so did his financial troubles, and five years ago he was com-pelled to seek assistance from a New York insurance company. They advanced him \$400,000. The panic of 1893 increased his dis-tress, and a second mortgage for \$275,000 in favor of Mrs. Smith was placed on his property, and in the end she came into session by settling the first and fore-

dosing her own.

Mrs. Smith not many years ago was Mrs. Laura Swickheimer. She and her hus-band, David, lived in Rico, a mining camp in the southern part of the state, and, like Tabor, he was a prospector, and was working a claim he had named the Enterprise. For two years he had worked his way into the side of the mountain, hoping with every blast to open up the vein

Each day brought only disappointment and a steady decrease of supplies and funds, until at last not a cent nor a loaf of bread remained in the cabin. With heavy hearts the couple nailed up the entrance to the Enterprise and began preparations to tramp out of the camp in earch of other work.

The old Concord coach which came in from Durango that night brought Mrs. Swickheimer a letter. On opening it she was almost paralyzed to find a notice from a lottery company informing her that a ticket she a month before purchased for \$1 had drawn a prize of \$5,000. reasonable delay the money came, and then the question arose as to whether work should be continued in the old tunnel or a

new location sought for. It was finally decided to put in one two more shots of dynamite. When the smoke cleared away after the explosion Swickheimer could hardly believe his own eyes, for there before him was a wall of rock so full of mineral that there could b no mistake as to its value. The mine was easily developed into a producer, and after taking out over \$500,000 in profits it was sold to a foreign syndicate for \$2,000,000.

Went Too Far.

From the New York Press. "Madame," he exclaimed decisively, "yo go entirely too far!" It was plain that he was irritated. There was really no use in her applying as any one could see she was much too tall

to play juvenile parts. Every Night to Chicago. The dining cars on the Alton are now n upon the a la carte plan. You pay only r what you get, and, best of all, you get what you pay for-a good meal.

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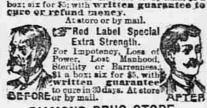
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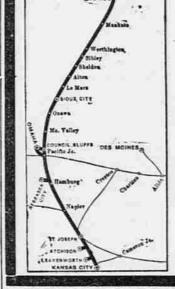
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